

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SIXPENCE.

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BAREFOOTED AND WITH WAR-SCARRED FLAG; BUT PROUD IN THE KNOWLEDGE OF DUTY DONE AND VICTORY TO COME:
"BELGIUM" IN THE RIGHT-TO-SERVE PROCESSION OF MANY THOUSANDS OF WOMEN.

The vast procession by which many thousands of women convinced London of their patriotic desire and demand to be permitted to help in the great national duty of war-work was picturesque with a pageantry which appealed to the imagination, to the sense of justice, and to the patriotism of all who witnessed it. And in the long lines of earnest,

determined women, no figure stood out with more impressive dignity than that of "Belgium." Stately, proud, and of unconquered spirit, clad in sombre robes and bearing a tattered flag, the representative of that suffering country paced the long and dreary route with sandalled feet, even, towards the end, with feet bare to the sodden road.

PHOTOGRAPH BY FARRINGTON PHOTO. PRESS.

THE GREAT WAR.

By CHARLES LOWE.

IN Flanders our fighting-men no longer have to march; they simply mine. Time was when leg-power counted first among the qualities of the soldier requisite to win a battle, but now this has been superseded by the arm-power necessary to dig trenches and hurl hand-grenades. Still, marching is not yet entirely obsolete as part of the machinery of war, as we have lately been reminded by three notable and significant instances of this kind of military exertion within our own borders.

German critics have been jeering and asking in the spirit of the children who mocked at Elisha as he was going up unto Beth-el and got torn to pieces for their pains (two-and-forty of them—by a couple of she-bears out of the wood)—have been asking, I say, what has become of Kitchener's millions. As for those with the nickel bullets, they will doubtless in due time give their reply to these German doubters; but, meanwhile, their silver-bullet countrymen and comrades, to the number of over a million, lately indulged in a striking march in two columns—one of 550,000 to the Bank of England, where they deposited £570,000,000; and the other, of 547,000, to the G.P.O., with corresponding subscriptions to the value of £15,000,000—and all to help forward the war. That was one of the three marches referred to.

Another was a latter-day version of the "March of the Men of Harlech" as executed by some 200,000 South Welsh miners into the presence of their employers, to whom they declared that, unless they got what they themselves estimated to be the value of their labour they would, even at such a national crisis, close down their pits and thus bring the coaling of the Navy and the general output of munitions of war to a standstill—a course of action which caused a distinguished French publicist, M. Hervé, to characterise it as "high treason, not only against England, but also against France and all the Allies."

Those Welsh miners would only continue work for their country on their own conditions; while, on the other hand, London was treated to the stirring spectacle of many thousands of women, who marched through the streets and declared to our Minister of Munitions their eager readiness to help in the war-work of the country almost on any conditions. That was march number three, and the noblest, because the most disinterested, of the lot.

But the marching of the week was not confined to the streets of London and the valleys of Wales. There was also a tremendous amount of it on the plains of Poland. Trench warfare is by no means unfamiliar to the armies contending in the Eastern theatre of war; nevertheless, it has not precluded movement and marching on quite a Napoleonic scale—on a front of about a thousand miles, or about twice the distance from Brighton to Aberdeen. If the respective combatants only had the roads and railways which intersect Britain, they would be all right; but they are floundering and splashing about in what is, perhaps, the worst strategical area in all Europe.

If you'd seen these roads before they were made.

You would hold up your hands and bless General Wade

—the English Engineer who reduced to subjection the unruly Highland clans by building roads through their mountainous territory.

But Russia, apparently, has not yet produced a General Wade. Even a highly favoured *Times* correspondent was compelled to admit: "The difficulties of getting about are indicated by the fact that six powerful motors started from the Main Headquarters to corps headquarters, but only one was able to arrive." Only one. And then as to ammunition: "I feel fairly safe in stating that the Russians would never have left the San positions if they had been in possession of half the ammunition available to the enemy." That is the whole case for the Russians in a nutshell.

In the first months of the war, the Armies of the Grand Duke were generally referred to by sanguine critics as the "Russian steam-roller," but even a modern Juggernaut car of this kind must cease to roll if its motor-power gives out, or if it has to tackle tracts of country impracticable to steam. Still, the *Times* correspondent referred to—a shrewd American, who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities of judging—declares, as a result of a three-weeks' tour along the front, that "my optimism about the entire situation has steadily increased, until, on leaving the last of the six armies I visited, I feel a greater sense of security as to the ultimate outcome than at any time since the Galician movement started."

As coming from a first-rate "man on the spot," this is encouraging evidence, though, on the other hand, it is not to be denied that the situation of the Russian armies in Poland is viewed in this country with a certain measure of anxiety, which is absent from our contemplation of the corresponding situation in the West. The only thing common to the two situations is that both are of the defensive kind—as far as the Allies are concerned, though that of the Russians is undoubtedly far more difficult, not to say dangerous.

Warsaw continues to be the main German objective; and here the Russian position juts out as a huge salient, or bastion, the northern side of which is being assailed by the redoubtable Hindenburg with an army of something like a quarter of a million men; while on the southern side is Mackensen with an Austro-German host of at least the same strength, though the Russians themselves estimate the whole at 41 army corps, or, say 1,500,000 men.

The whole operation is on a tremendous scale—one which would have made even Napoleon, like Milton's Quintilian, "stare and gasp." But even the burning of Moscow, which compelled Napoleon to set out on his return march with his baffled Grand Army, would be nothing to the German capture of Warsaw, which might force the Grand Duke's hosts to retire indefinitely from the unequal contest. All other present incidents of the war are of little interest and importance in comparison with the tremendous issue now being fought out on the plains of Poland.

LONDON: JULY 20, 1915.

MODERN MUNITIONS OF WAR.

(Continued from Page 108.)

The formation of volumes of black smoke on detonation of the T.N.T. has given rise to the names, given to shells containing this explosive, of "Black Marias," "Coal-Boxes," and "Jack Johnsons"; and the fact that this cloud of carbonaceous matter is produced shows conclusively that the oxygen contained in the nitryl radical present in the explosive is insufficient for its complete combustion; and an excellent explosive used during the Balkan War, and now largely employed by the Austrians, is known as ammonal, in which 12 to 15 per cent. of T.N.T. is mixed with an oxidising compound, ammonium nitrate, a little aluminium powder, and a trace of charcoal. This mixture gives even better results than the T.N.T. alone, and its only drawback is the hygroscopic character of the ammonium nitrate, which necessitates the material being made up in air-tight cartridges. It forms, however, a most effective bursting-charge, and, although the rate of detonation of the trinitrotoluol is reduced by the admixture of the oxidising compounds, the shattering effect is even more destructive than when the explosive is used alone, as the pieces of shell scattered are larger in size.

An improved form of this explosive is being made on a large scale in England for use by the Allies, and helps to render the supply of high-explosives for shells adequate.

Toluene is also being produced synthetically from other hydrocarbons by the action of heat and pressure, and it is safe to say that any requirements can be amply met.

Under the influence of nitration other constituents of tar are converted into effective explosives, dinitrobenzol being the basis of such mining explosives as "Roburite" and "Bellite," whilst trinitrocreosol has been used largely in place of picric acid under the name of "Ecrasite"; but it shares with picric acid the drawbacks of forming more sensitive compounds with bases and of having an acid reaction.

Expert opinion has by no means settled which is really the best of the high-explosives, and, although it was the Germans who were chiefly responsible for bringing T.N.T. into such prominence, there are not wanting signs that they are largely reverting to picric acid.

Probably the most powerful explosive known is made from benzene by converting it into anilin, and by nitration making this into tetranitro-anilin, an explosive of which a great deal more will be known; whilst another derivative, tetranitromethylanilin, known as "tetryl," is being used largely for detonators in place of mercuric fulminate.

It has already been mentioned that the great value of the high-explosive is the terrible concussion transmitted through the air by its detonation, which numbs—and often kills—the defenders in the trenches without their being struck.

The effect of the concussion frequently shows itself by loss of memory, by nervous breakdown, and by heart trouble, many cases occurring in which men have been disabled without being killed, and have afterwards been found to be suffering from serious displacement of the heart. In the early stages of the war the fact that men were killed without being wounded gave rise to wild rumours of intensely poisonous shells, so fatal in their results that men and animals were found in the exact positions in which death had overtaken them. One ingenious correspondent christened this fabulous explosive "Turpinité," and devoted a long article to the effects produced, which made it clear to anyone with knowledge of the subject that concussion and not poison was the only explanation.

INSECT PESTS IN ARMY BISCUIT.

WITH reference to the article on this subject on our "Science Jottings" page, it is satisfactory to know that the recurrence of insect pests in biscuits supplied to the troops has been effectually prevented. This is made clear in the following note issued by the South Kensington Museum authorities: "An exhibit, brought up to date, illustrating the work done in connection with an investigation undertaken to determine the origin of damage to Army Biscuit by insect pests has just been installed in the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum. Examples are shown of the old kind of Army Biscuit infested by Moth, etc., and condemned by the Military Authorities as unfit for food, and of the new biscuit now being served out to the troops. The researches, which have been carried out jointly by the War Office and the British Museum (Natural History), have ensured the protection of Army Biscuit from the possibility of such attacks by insects in the future."

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ARMAGEDDON IN THE COAT POCKET.*

MR. JOHN BUCHAN is a little dismaying. He has written (and Messrs. Nelson and Sons have published, and published admirably) five volumes of a "History of the War," he promises us a sixth volume at a definite date, and we can be certain that another and another volume will follow—indeed, that volumes will continue to appear with unflinching regularity until Prussia decides to end the war. Mr. Buchan's inexorableness is our dismay. We know as well as we know anything that, as each new volume appears on the bookstall, we shall buy it and read it with avidity if we happen to value our contemporary and military soul. Mr. John Buchan is like that. You may not always agree with him, but you feel you must always read him. He represents so practical and easy a way of finding out clearly and calmly what has been really happening in the many war zones. He is the essence that goes into the chaos of war and clarifies it. He gives incoherence line and direction. Out of the immense chemical ferment of Armageddon he precipitates a definitive, coherent, and progressive story of events. He has condensed a world-war into a space that will go into a coat-pocket.

Mr. Buchan does it all with a calmness that awes. Only those who have grappled with the enormous amount of complex, contradictory, baffling, obscure, and misleading matter from which facts must be extracted can realise the tremendous thing he is doing so gracefully and so suavely. To disentangle the main facts of one battle (like Ypres), or one defeat (like the Marne—about which there are as many theories as there are critics), is a task before which an historian might blench. Mr. Buchan, however, cannot be perturbed. Not one battle alone, but all battles, come within his scope; not one phase of the campaign, but all campaigns, are examined and set down by him. All Armageddon is his orange, and he is squeezing it for us; and the flavour of his extract is so excellent that we fail to realise half the labour that the process of extraction entailed. This is because, in addition to his imperturbable analytical gifts as an historian, Mr. Buchan also possesses the gift of being a very fine writer.

Mr. John Buchan, then, is producing a history of this war in monthly shilling volumes, and already he has taken us from the first clangour of arms to the events that happened in the February of this year. The picture that he draws is the whole picture. He outlines the Great War not only on the battlefields of Flanders and France and Alsace, of East Prussia, Poland, Galicia, and on the Danube marches, he not only gives us a strong picture of the campaigning and blockading by sea, and the many vivid little wars across the sea by which Germany's places in the sun suffered their deliberate eclipse, but, as much as aught else, he places before us clearly the economic problems of the war, the patriotic impulses of the war, the social reflex that springs from the fighting, the law and the order of battles, and the rest. That is, he puts before us the entire human impulse that led to the war, and that continues to inspire the war as it proceeds.

The thing is complete, and that is what makes the achievement quite remarkable; and that is what makes it so valuable to anybody who wishes to understand the war in the fashion that newspaper accounts do not enable one to understand the war. It is a definite outline of events. It is, of course, no more than an outline—strong outline though it is—and the author would be the first to admit this. It is quite impossible to write now the final history of even past events, for not only have we to comprehend the enemy's side of the matter, but the Defence of the Realm Act would have a rough way of dealing with any historian obsessed with the ideal that exact truth and exact fact are the things to set down at this moment—particularly, it might be said, when that historian strove to deal truthfully with the naval side of the war. But apart from these points (which must, unavoidably, weaken a history), Mr. Buchan puts down as much of the story of the war as an historian could put down, with this difference—he has striven so arduously to be clear that he has put it down rather more attractively than most historians. His system of concentrating phases of action, and his scheme of dating are so excellent that if he had only supplied us with an index at the end of each volume he might have boasted that he had given us the last word in practical handbooks.

Mr. Buchan's style is well adapted to his work: it is even and judicial, and frequently it is extremely happy. He can express character in epigram as well as any man, and quite as pungently. When, in his fine opening chapter, "The Breaking of the Barriers," he describes the Kaiser as a man with a "passion for the top-note of things," and offers the opinion (of the same man) "that an autocrat in a hurry is the most efficient of hustlers," or again, when he affirms that "Bismarck was a man of genius and far wiser than his epigrams," one feels that the essence of truth has been satisfactorily distilled. But the epigrams are only there to illuminate and make attractive a quiet style that conveys indubitably the steadiness and firmness behind the narrative. In his critical habit, the author also helps us to understand impulses of strategy that are more or less obscure even to this day. Those who have failed to grasp the meaning of Russia will be enabled to grasp that meaning well enough here—even the confusion that seems to envelop the first Russian incursion into East Prussia, and the relationship of Samsonov and Rennenkampf in the fighting and defeat of Tannenberg. Much of what Mr. Buchan says will be tested by facts after the war—his explanation of the Marne, quite good though it is, for one; but, on the whole, Mr. Buchan has been careful not to adventure too deeply into the polemics of strategy, and has bent his mind to the main task of resolving the war into a reasonable and responsible story. Again, that is its value: it does not seek to tangle the mind, but to clarify it. It is an outline of Armageddon that can be grasped by all.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

* "Nelson's History of the War." By John Buchan. Volumes I. to V. (T. Nelson and Sons; London.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE central fact of the present situation is that the North German has not yet discovered that the greater part of humanity dislikes him. What it dislikes is not militarism, nor Zollvereins, nor naval rivalry; it is not submarines nor Zeppelins. It is not even massacres. It is a certain state of the soul, which can be, and is, expressed by certain movements of the arms, legs, shoulders, and head. Again and again the Prussian says in his simplicity, "When I reflect how good, wise, and strong I am, I cannot imagine why people dislike me." And the answer never flashes even by chance across his mind: "People dislike me because I reflect how good, wise, and strong I am." He is quite honestly bewildered by what seem to him the hostile antics of people utterly different from each other—Boers, Irishmen, Poles, Yankees, and Jews. He cannot see why they rage together, for to see that he would have to look, not outside, but inside. He cannot find the key of the mystery, because he has swallowed the key.

If we are wise we shall constantly consider this fact, and remember that we owe much of our support to this fault in our enemy, and not to our own faultlessness. The Boers and Irish do not support England because England is a model, but because Germany is a bogey; not because the British Constitution is a holy thing, but because the Prussian system is a holy terror. We may hope, and there is good ground for hoping, that these allies of ours may learn through the alliance something of what is really generous and beautiful in England. But we shall be merely eclipsing our minds with a cloud of vanity if we pretend that they have not, in the past, seen mostly what is ungenerous and ugly. The deepest and worthiest retort to the German proclamation of virtue would be a confession of sin. The savage says, "I am a good German." And the civilised man answers, "I am a bad Englishman, and altogether unworthy of England." *In hoc signo vincet.*

The Pacifists are, even among modern men, the most ruled by phrases rather than ideas. It is notable that any one of their questions has to be put in a particular form of words. Translate the question into any other form of words, and it can no longer rationally be answered as they wish. Thus they will say, "Can war be the right way of settling differences?" Ask instead, "What shall prevent me from putting forth my whole strength to defend whatever makes life worth living?"—and they have no answer. If your life is made worth living by German sausages, you would certainly be unwise to interfere with the German trade in them; if it is made worth living by the honour and memories of a free people, nothing can prevent you from sacrificing everything else to save them. And decent war is not "the best way of settling differences"; it is the only way of preventing their being settled for you.

Among these fixed phrases of the Pacifists there is a maxim about "conquering evil by good." They seem to mean conquering aggression by cowardice,

conquering tyranny by slavery, conquering the assertion of wrong by the abandonment of right, and conquering Germany by betraying France. But as some of us, tutored in the cryptic schools of superstition, do not happen to think that cowardice, slavery, betrayal, and the denial of right are "good" things, we answer that to use them would not be to use good against evil, but merely to add one evil to another. But there is one moral matter in which we really can return good for evil without merely strengthening the evil; one weapon from the armoury of the saints is, even in a worldly sense, stronger than the world. That weapon is humility.

We must greatly purify ourselves even to be worthy of this war. This hell, as they call it, is so very much nearer heaven than England has yet been in her hundred years of prosperity and peace that we

had distressed and (apparently) surprised her was that the French soldiers were not English soldiers. She really could not see that practical courage and endurance no more involve playing football than playing dominoes—a game the French have often found agreeable in the intervals of defying artillery and dying on barricades. But, indeed, the unfortunate expression stirred even deeper things. Every nation has suffered for its sins in this great trial, and England also will suffer by whatever can weaken her in her worship of compromise and wealth. We had begun only barely in time some fruitful repentance about Ireland; and even so have left a small and embittered group which cannot believe our word. But, indeed, the treatment of the Irish by the English is not very much worse than the treatment of the English by the English. The great curse of this country—a curse which does not lie thus upon France or Russia, or even, in the same universal sense, upon Germany—is the bad distribution of property which leaves millions vagrant or dependent, without status, without rights, without even definite duties. We must not be too proud to learn from the peasantries of France and Russia and Belgium; we must not let the cant of the clubs cover the very real nakedness of the land. The Russ ploughing with his ancient plough in his ancient commune really has something which we have not given to the broken clerk or craftsman in Hoxton, drifting from lodging to lodging like a stray cat. We must, in short, endure to face the fact that, if the poor Frenchmen sit and think of their homes, it is often because they have homes to think of.

The war has come on Europe like a thief in the night—and naturally, since the men of Prussia who planned it were thieves from the beginning. It has caught every country in some unready and incongruous posture. It has found us not only with our reforms unfinished, but (by a weakness almost special to ourselves) with a positive pride in leaving them unfinished.

It is, as I have said before, that crazy compromise which will have half a loaf, even when it could easily get a whole loaf. Dickens discovered long ago that the question for the politician was How Not To Do It. It is yet more complex when the question is how not quite to do it.

If we can keep close to clean and Christian modesty, England at the end of the war will not only be victorious, but (what is not always the same thing) she will be strong. Nobody expects that underbred and overschooled gutter-snipe who is the governing type of Prussia to understand such humility; he can make what he likes of it. It is a question of a spirit, and a spirit in which all powerful work has been done: "Deal not with us after our sins, neither reward us after our iniquities." Thus endured, this catastrophe may really, and without cant, mean some clearance of the fogs of corruption and scepticism; and the very earth and air of our country after the conflict may smell like South England after rain.

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SHATTERED BY RUSSIAN GUNS: THE REMAINS OF AN AUSTRIAN ARMOURD BATTERY AT PRZEMYSL AFTER THE SURRENDER.

We publish elsewhere in this Issue sketches by Mr. Seppings Wright, our Special Artist with the Russians, of the battered wrecks of two of the Austrian forts at Przemyśl. They show the devastating havoc of the Russian bombardment, and offer proof positive of the efficiency of the Russian siege artillery. The sketch above of the remains of an Austrian armoured battery shows still further the chaotic destruction wrought by the Russian gun-fire at Przemyśl. It helps to account for the situation in which the Russian captors of the fortress found themselves, garrisoning practically a heap of ruins, when, within a few weeks, the enormously reinforced Germans and Austrians made their irruption into Galicia, and headed straight for Przemyśl.—Facsimile Sketch by H. C. Seppings Wright, our Special War-Artist with the Russians. (See Page 105.)

must be ready for abnegations more trying than any physical ones, for the refusal of all that mental comfort upon which we have lived so long. We must be content to answer to the Prussian: "Yes, I also am evil; perhaps I am as evil as you say—only not quite so vilely evil as to sell the world to you." We are not above our task; we have only, in the noble words of M. Cammaerts' poem—

La fierté de rester honnête
Quand le lâcheté nous serait si bon.

And wherever there remains a trace of the old vulgar and insular condescension, we must stamp on it as if it were literal and legal treason.

It is not wholly stamped out. A capable and very sane lady said to me recently that she was a little nervous about the French. I said I did not see what there was to be nervous of, unless it were of the French skinning all the Germans alive. She admitted that what had distressed her was the fact that French soldiers did not play football between the actions, but sat and thought about their homes. In short, what

A GREAT ACHIEVEMENT OF THE FRENCH ARMY: CAPTURED CARENCY AND ITS MAZE OF TRENCHES—FROM THE AIR.



FOUND ON THE BODY OF A DEAD GERMAN WHEN THE FRENCH TOOK CARENCY: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE INTRICATE NETWORK OF FRENCH AND GERMAN TRENCHES.

The remarkable photograph here reproduced, taken from the air above Carency by a German airman during the approach of the French lines encircling the village, was found on the body of a dead German after a successful French assault. The network of trenches, with a mine-funnel at the angle of each French salient, indicates the formidable nature of the obstacles which our gallant Allies attacked with such persistence and captured with so much daring. The whole village was eventually carried by assault in the night, as well as a

wood to the north of it, on Hill 125. "The capture of Carency," said an official French *communiqué*, "has resulted in the falling into our hands of much material. . . . It includes two 77 mm. guns, one 105 mm. mortar, two 21 cm. mortars, 12 trench-mortars, a large number of machine-guns, 3000 rifles, and huge stores of shells and cartridges." The photograph, giving as it does a clear and accurate view of the *terrain*, illustrates also the great value of aerial reconnaissance.

ITALY'S WAR BY LAND AND SEA: SUCCESSES AND A MISHAP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.C., TOPICAL, AND G. PARISIO.



ITALIAN HEAVY ARTILLERY WHICH HAS DONE FINE WORK: THE TRANSPORT OF A BIG "305" GUN.



TORPEDOED AND SUNK BY AN AUSTRIAN SUBMARINE IN THE ADRIATIC: THE ITALIAN CRUISER "GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI."



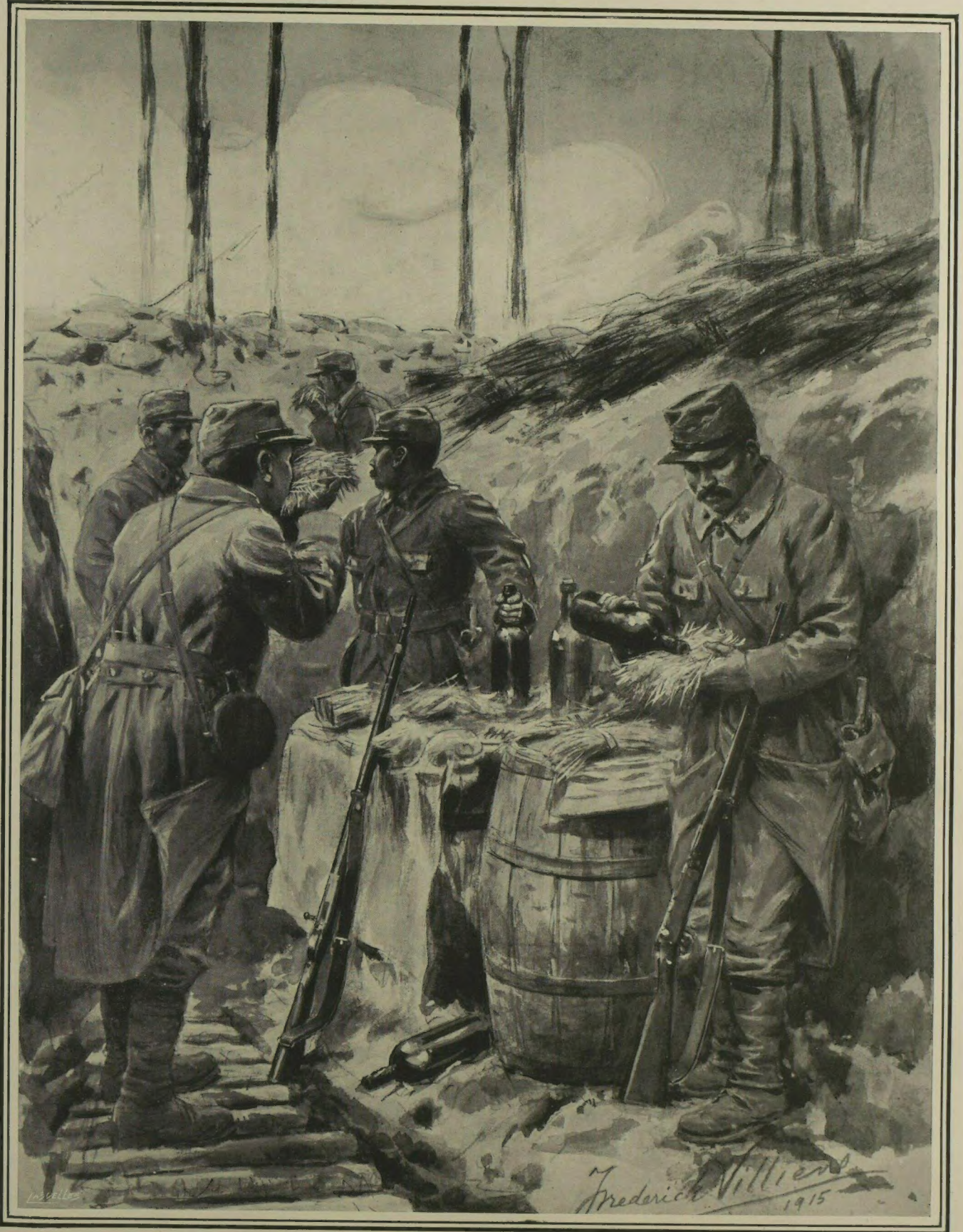
WHERE THE ITALIAN TROOPS PERFORMED A MAGNIFICENT EXPLOIT IN THE CAPTURE OF MONTE NERO: A COLUMN ON THE MARCH TOWARDS THE MOUNTAIN.

During naval operations in the Adriatic on July 18, near Cattaro, the Italian cruiser "Giuseppe Garibaldi" was torpedoed and sunk by an Austrian submarine, after having successfully avoided a previous attack. "The crew," said the Italian Admiralty, "maintained the utmost calm and the most perfect discipline, the men shouting 'Long live the King!' several times before throwing themselves into the sea in accordance with the orders they had received. The majority of them were saved." The "Giuseppe Garibaldi," completed in 1899, displaced 7234 tons, and her armament included one 10-inch gun, two 8-inch and fourteen 6-inch. Her normal complement was 550 men.—

The capture of Monte Nero last month by the Italian troops was due to the splendid dash of the Italian Alpini, and also to the fine work of the artillery. A despatch from headquarters on June 17, said: "Additional reports bring into the strongest relief the daring of the enterprise accomplished at dawn yesterday in the Monte Nero zone, in the face of very great difficulties of terrain, against dominating positions, and under an intense hostile bombardment." The Italians succeeded in placing their famous 210 mm guns in position on the mountain. On July 11 (to quote an Italian *communiqué*), "the enemy attempted a surprise-attack during a storm . . . but he was promptly repulsed."

HYPO AND STRAW: WHEN THE POISON GAS-CLOUD IS SEEN.

DRAWN BY FREDERICK VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.



HYPO-SATURATED STRAW HELD OVER NOSE AND MOUTH: A FRENCH METHOD OF FIGHTING THE DEADLY GERMAN FUMES, IN THE BOIS LE PRÊTRE.

The French troops all along the front are well supplied with gas-masks and anti-asphyxiation respirators of approved patterns. Snapshot photographs of these, while being worn by men in the trenches at the actual moment of a German attack, we show elsewhere. But on occasion, as our illustration above testifies, some of the men adopt rough-and-ready expedients of their own, using materials kept ready at hand. In the present instance we have a favourite device—the hypo-bath and straw method, as seen

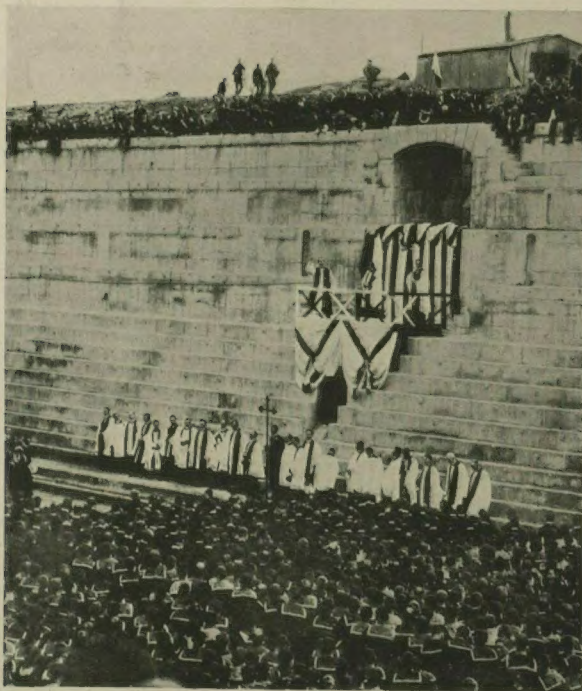
by our Special Artist, Mr. Villiers, recently. "The French troops in the Bois le Prêtre" (in the Eastern Argonne, where the Crown Prince's troops are fighting), writes Mr. Villiers, "find a bunch of hay or straw saturated with hypo quite useful to stop being gassed, by holding the bunch over nose and mouth till the gas passes, when they are ready to handle the Huns who follow. Bottles of hypo and the necessary protectors are always to hand in the trenches."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE "KENT"; THE CHURCH MILITANT; HONOUR TO ROUGET DE LISLE.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH (No. 2) BY TOPICAL.



THE AVENGER OF THE "MONMOUTH" ON HER RETURN FROM HER TWO BATTLES: H.M.S. "KENT" IN ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S VISIT TO THE NAVY: HOLDING A SERVICE IN ONE OF THE ROSYTH DOCKS.



HONOUR TO THE COMPOSER OF THE "MARSEILLAISE": ROUGET DE LISLE'S COFFIN AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

The "Kent" has taken a very notable part in the war at sea. In the Falklands fight she chased and, thanks to the strenuous exertions of the engine-room staff, brought to action, the German cruiser "Nürnberg," sinking that vessel after a ship-to-ship fight of two and a-half hours. Her shot-torn silken flag, presented by the Ladies of Kent, was recently shown to the Queen. In sinking the "Nürnberg," the "Kent" avenged her sister-ship, the "Monmouth." It was the "Nürnberg" which (as the German despatch stated), at the battle of Coronel, fired the broadsides under which the heroic "Monmouth" sank. On March 14, the "Kent" had a hand, with the "Glasgow" and "Orama," in settling the fate of the "Dresden," the last survivor of

Admiral Spee's squadron.—The Archbishop of York has just returned from visiting the naval bases on the North Sea and the Grand Fleet. "I went to the Fleet," says Dr. Lang, "with a message; but I return feeling that I am really bringing a message. The splendid tenacity, nerve, and patience of these men make our sacrifices at home by comparison as naught."—The feature of the National Fête celebration in Paris this year was the transference of the remains of Rouget de Lisle, composer of the "Marseillaise," from Choisy-le-Roi Cemetery to the Invalides, in Paris. The coffin was borne on a gun-carriage of the Revolution period, and was met at the Arc de Triomphe by President Poincaré, who followed it to its final resting-place.

SHATTERED BY RUSSIAN ARTILLERY: SHAPELESS FORTS OF PRZEMYSL.

FACSIMILE SKETCHES BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIANS, BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF THE RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS STAFF.



1. TESTIFYING TO THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE RUSSIAN SIEGE ARTILLERY: ONE OF THE PRZEMYSL FORTS AS IT APPEARED AFTER THE CAPITULATION.

Our Artist's sketches show what was left of two of the forts at Przemyśl at the time of the Austrian retirement. They were made in the interval between the Russian taking of the fortress and our Allies' abandonment a few weeks later of the shattered works as untenable and incapable of serious defence. They reached this country after an unavoidably circuitous journey, owing to the general Russian retreat from Galicia and fighting that has been in progress along the whole line further north. The heaps of battered, shapeless debris bear striking witness to the earthquake-like results and

2. TESTIFYING TO THE EFFECTIVENESS OF THE RUSSIAN SIEGE ARTILLERY: ANOTHER OF THE PRZEMYSL FORTS AS IT WAS WHEN THE FORTRESS SURRENDERED.

destructive power of high-explosive shells from the heavy Russian siege ordnance. The scenes depicted at the same time testify to the effectiveness and hard-hitting capabilities of the Russian artillery against a fortress re-constructed with all the art and skill of the best engineers of Austria in consultation with the War Office at Berlin, within the past six years. According to the latest telegrams, the Austrians are busily employed in reconstructing the fortifications of Przemyśl in accordance with plans and specifications of the Germans engineers.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ITALY FIGHTING ON A ROAD NAPOLEON BUILT: A FRONTIER DUEL OVER VILLAGES IN THE SHADOW OF THE MOUNTAINS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH

JULIUS PRICE, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST IN ITALY.



NEAR THE HILL OF THE TWELVE CHAPELS, WHICH IS A PLACE OF PILGRIMAGE: THE ITALIANS IN ACTION AGAINST THE AUSTRIANS ON THE ROAD TO PONTEBBA.

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes: "The advance of the Italian Army in this region, although marvellously rapid and evidently following well-thought-out lines, is not being accomplished without difficulty. The mountainous region in which the operations are proceeding offers terrific natural obstacles, which in themselves are sufficient to put to the severest test the calculations of the Italian Generalissimo, without taking into consideration the fact that the mountain passes have been converted into regular fortresses by the Austrians. Every mile of advance has therefore to be made with the utmost caution. The village of Pontebba (shown in my sketch) was evacuated a few days before the commencement of hostilities. It is separated from a neighbouring village, named Pontafel (presumably also deserted) by the bridge seen. The duels between the opposing artillery take place, in consequence, without unnecessary loss of life among the peasantry. Pontebba is interesting by reason of the religious nature of the hill just behind

it—the Hill of the Chapels. A narrow, winding track leads to the summit, and on this track are no fewer than twelve small chapels, the topmost of them the largest. Pilgrimages to the summit take place at certain periods of the year. The main road leading to, and passing through, the villages is the big military highway, between Milan and Vienna, constructed by Napoleon." At the moment illustrated, Austrian artillery was firing from the sides of the mountains. The Austrian trenches were behind Pontebba. In the foreground are the Italians, behind breastworks of stones, covered with leaves; behind a barricade of tree-trunks across the road; and in other positions. Pontebba is the first station in Italy reached by the traveller journeying from Vienna to Venice by way of it. The preceding station, Pontafel, which is a mile and a-half away, is the Austrian frontier and customs station. It is separated from Pontebba by the rapid Pontebbana.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

MODERN MUNITIONS OF WAR: II.—SHELLS AND HIGH EXPLOSIVES.

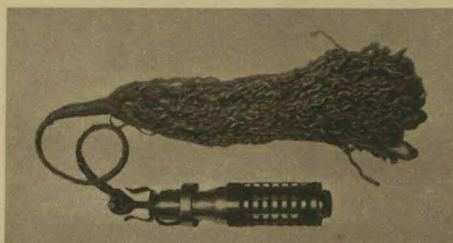
BY PROFESSOR VIVIAN B. LEWES.

IT has been shown that the smokeless powders used by nearly all the Continental Powers for small arms and field artillery are made of nitro-cotton; whilst for their naval guns, on account of limited magazine space, a nitro-glycerine powder in which nitro-cotton forms the bulk is employed; and the greatest mistake made in the conduct of this war has been omitting to make this basis of all the propellants a contraband of war.

There is not the least doubt that Germany had enormous supplies of cotton at the commencement of the war, as well as huge quantities of manufactured explosive; but the factor which she had omitted to reckon on was the duration of the war, which was expected to be over last November. It has been calculated that Germany and Austria need 1000 tons of cotton a day, and it has been proved that the neutral European countries—Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway—imported during the first three months of this year six times the amount they did in the corresponding period of last year, and there can be but little doubt as to where this enormous surplus went.

Directly there is any talk of making cotton contraband German articles appear in the Press of the neutral countries pointing out that it is not aimed at German explosives, but is England's attempt to corner the trade in textile fabrics; but, for some inscrutable reason, the Government

resist infantry attack, the high-explosive shells to clear the ground and prepare the way for attack on the enemy—and it has been an insufficiency in the supply of the latter which has given rise to so much criticism, mostly undeserved and wholly unwise. At the present time obstacles to supply in all directions have been surmounted, and a steady and



THE ROPE-HANDLE TYPE: A GRENADE THROWN BY SWINGING.

Photograph by Sport and General.

ever-increasing stream of shell is flowing to the front. The high-explosive shell is made of forged steel with

comparatively thin walls and a heavy bursting charge; but the large naval shells and those for the siege-guns, which have to penetrate heavy armour, are made from ingots of chrome or chrome-nickel steel, forged, hardened, and the nose capped with soft steel, which prevents the shell from shattering on impact with the hardened steel armour. These shells also contain a heavy charge of high-explosive, generally cast into the shell in a fused condition.

All these forms of shell are fitted with the usual soft copper driving bands near the base of the shells: these bands take the place of the projections used in the early forms of shell to fit the rifling of the gun. The copper band, under the pressure existing during the firing of the charge, is pressed into the grooves of the rifling in the gun, not only imparting rotation to the

it contains a charge of "T.N.T.," and a tetryl detonator fired on impact by a needle liberated only after the grenade has travelled a certain distance, so as to render premature explosion impossible. The weight of such a grenade is about 23 ounces, and when fired, its range would be about 300 yards; but when hand-thrown, not more than 40 or 50, and its flight through the air is steadied when fired by a rod, which for hand use is replaced by a rope tail.

One of the things that strike the ordinary observer most when considering the composition of the explosives of to-day is that they are all derived from substances of the most commonplace and harmless description. We have seen that cotton and glycerine when nitrated and blended with vaseline yield cordite, which serves as a propellant in all our guns; whilst the high-explosives used in shells, torpedo-heads, mines, and aviators' bombs are almost entirely derived from coal-tar derivatives by nitration.

When coal-tar is subjected to fractional distillation, the portion which comes over up to a temperature of 170 deg. C. is called "light oil," and contains all the compounds of low boiling-point found in the tar, and, as we shall see, from this several of our most valuable explosives can be obtained. When these light oils have distilled over, the next fraction or "middle oil" yields phenol or



ANOTHER METHOD OF THROWING: A GRENADE FIXED TO A STICK.

Photograph by Sport and General.

have so far declined to do the one thing that, more than any other, would shorten the war.

The shells used in big guns and field artillery may be divided into two main classes: shrapnel, which is utilised against troops in the field, and which is of but little use against fortifications or trenches; and high-explosive shells, which may be either armour-piercing or ordinary.

The shrapnel shell is a hollow, cylindrical steel projectile packed with bullets, at the base of which is a bursting-charge that may be gun-powder or high-explosive; whilst in the nose of the shell is arranged the time-fuse, connected by a tube to the bursting-charge, and which can be so regulated that the shell can be exploded in the air at any desired point, the bullets and fragments of the shell being driven forward and spreading over a considerable area. The shrapnel used in the ordinary field-gun is an 18-lb. projectile containing 375 bullets, and when burst at the right altitude is a most deadly weapon against troops, especially when in massed formation; and ever since its invention by the officer whose name it bears it has been looked upon in the Service as the form of shell most necessary in field operations, and during the present war our supplies have been ample for all requirements.

For fortified-trench warfare, such as has been the characteristic feature of the fighting on the western front since September, shrapnel is not effective, as it does but little damage to earthworks, wire entanglements, and other defences, and this practically new phase of field warfare has to be met by the use of high-explosive shells, capable of detonating with such enormous concussive power as to destroy physical obstructions, crumble earthworks, clear wire entanglements, and reduce the defenders in the trenches to a dazed and stunned condition by the action of concussion on the heart and nerves.

Under the conditions created in the present war both classes of shells are needed in the field—the shrapnel to



AS FIRED FROM A RIFLE: A GRENADE IN POSITION IN THE BARREL.

Photograph by Sport and General.

carbolic acid, a body which, when nitrated, gives picric acid, the basis of the French high-explosive melinite, the Japanese shimose powder, and the English lyddite.

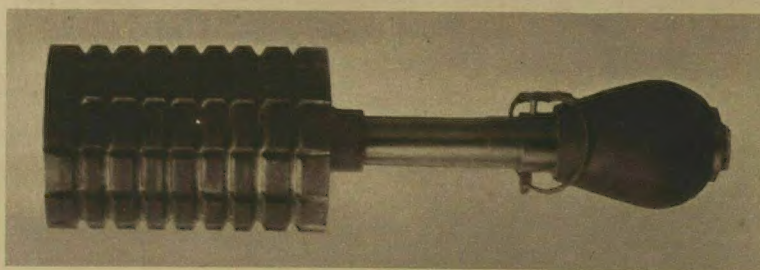
Picric acid is a nitro-substitution product, three atoms of the hydrogen of the original phenol being replaced by the radical nitryl, and it forms with metals a class of salts called "picrates." The potassium salt was suggested as a bursting-charge for shells nearly fifty years ago; whilst Sprengel and, later, Turpin, employed the acid itself as an explosive. It was found possible to get a great weight of explosive into a small space, as the acid could be melted and poured into the shell in a molten condition. Picric acid *per se* is a very safe explosive, but has the drawback of acting on metals to form picrates, some of which are far more sensitive to disturbing influences than the acid itself.

Experiences with lyddite shells in the South African War showed their behaviour to be very erratic, some exploding with great effect, whilst others gave disappointing results, this being due to the fact that picric acid requires a powerful detonator for obtaining the highest explosive effect, and the use of such a detonator

is dangerous and might cause a premature explosion of the shell within the gun.

The disadvantages inherent in the use of picric acid led to attempts being made to replace it by some other material of the same character, which could be used as a high-explosive in a bursting-charge and yet be free from these drawbacks. Such a body has been found in trinitrotoluol, and although its explosive force is slightly less than that of picric acid—the pressure of the latter being 135,820 lb. on the square inch, as against 119,000 for trinitrotoluol—yet its advantages more than compensate for this difference. Not being of an acid nature, trinitrotoluol—or T.N.T., as it is termed—cannot accidentally form more sensitive salts; it is without action on metals, and is perfectly stable.

[Continued on Page 98.]

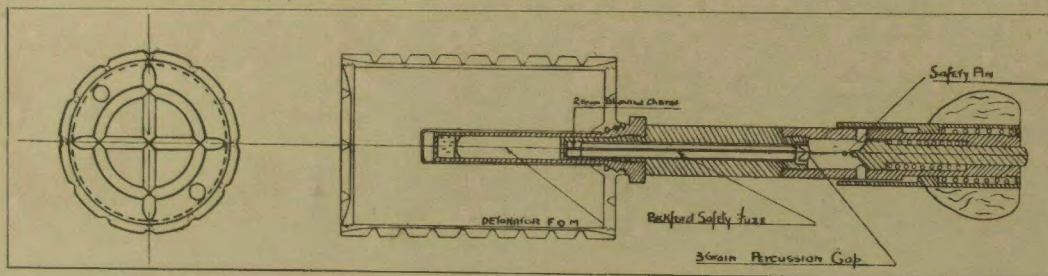


SHOWING THE SERRATION THAT MAKES IT BURST IN FRAGMENTS: A HALE SAFETY HAND-GRENADE.

The shell of the Hale grenade is made of steel, serrated so as to break on explosion into about 200 fragments, all of which are scattered at very high velocity.

projectile, but also acting as a gas check to prevent the rush of the gas past the projectile—an action which has accentuated the serious erosion with Mark I. cordite. For trench fighting the grenade has now again come

into use, and the most modern forms (designed by Mr. Marten Hale and adopted by the Government) are, in reality, miniature shrapnel shells which are fitted on to a rod that can be fired from a rifle, or, where the trenches are close together, can be thrown or slung by hand. The body of the grenade is made of steel or malleable iron so serrated as to break up on explosion into many pieces:



DESIGNED TO PREVENT PREMATURE EXPLOSION: HALE'S PATENT TIME-FUSE SAFETY HAND-GRENADE—SHOWN IN LATERAL AND LONGITUDINAL SECTIONS.

The use of improvised grenades by the British troops has caused a certain number of accidents through premature explosion. With the Hale grenade such accidents are prevented, as even after the safety-pin is withdrawn it is still not in action, and the time-fuse is only ignited by the act of throwing, through centrifugal force thus set up. It weighs 1 lb. 14 oz., and can be thrown 35 to 40 yards. It is loaded with 6 oz. of high explosive, and is timed to burst at five seconds.

By Courtesy of Mr. F. Marten Hale.

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THE WOMAN'S RIGHT-TO-SERVE DEMONSTRATION: A GREAT PROCESSION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., NEWSPAPER ILLUS., ILLUSTRATIONS BURFAD, AND S. AND G.



IN A NEIGHBOURHOOD NOTED BEFORE THE WAR FOR MILITANT SUFFRAGETTE DEMONSTRATIONS! THE PROCESSION IN THE SHADOW OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.



FLORAL EFFECTS: THE "DEPUTATION TO THE MUNITIONS MINISTER" BANNER AND OTHER DEVICES IN THE GREAT PROCESSION DEMANDING THE RIGHT TO SERVE.



IN HARMONY: IRELAND, ENGLAND, AND SCOTLAND IN THE PROCESSION.



THE ALLIES: THE BEARER OF THE FLAGS OF THE NATIONS WARRING AGAINST GERMANY



ALLIED NATIONS: RUSSIA, MONTENEGRO, AND SERBIA IN THE PROCESSION.



THE UNITED KINGDOM: IRELAND, SCOTLAND, ENGLAND, AND WALES IN THE PROCESSION.



AT THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION: BEARERS OF THE ROSE OF ENGLAND.

The demonstration, on July 17, of thousands of women from all classes—aristocrats, professionals, workers in many forms of art and industry, women who rejoice in demonstrating, and women whom nothing but clear conviction and a strong sense of duty would draw from their quiet homes into the glare of publicity—which was organised to demand as a right that women should be allowed to take their share in munition and other war work, was a success in every detail, except the weather, which was deplorable.

As our photographs prove, it was picturesque, enthusiastic and impressive, and drew a concourse of many thousands, some of whom may have "come to scoff," but remained to sympathise, encourage, and admire. The demonstration will be historic, and when the story of the World War comes to be written, the patriotic part played by women of the Empire, of France, of Belgium, of Italy, of Russia, will be chronicled, and this great demonstration of women craving to work for the war will find honourable place.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WYKHAM, DABOR, CHANCELLOR, ELLIOTT AND FRY, AND LAFAYETTE.



Our portraits this week include those of six officers of the gallant Australian Expeditionary Force. Of other officers, Lieut. Malcolm Hewley Graham was a well-known oarsman when at Cambridge, his boat winning the Ladies' Challenge Plate at Henley. Lieut. W. W. Melville served in the South African War with the C.I.V. Mounted Infantry, and received the Queen's medal, with six clasps. Lieut. Charles Douglas Willoughby Rooke was a member of a family with an unbroken military record from the year 1600. Capt. Oswald Armitage Carver was the second son of Mr. W. O. Carver and Mrs. Carver, of Cranage Hall, Holmes Chapel, Cheshire. He rowed for Cambridge in the Boat Race

of 1908, and also represented the University in the Olympic Games of the same year. Capt. Edward George Harvey served in the South African War, receiving the Queen's medal with two clasps. 2nd Lieut. Oscar W. Pocklington Senhouse was the son of the late Humphrey Pocklington Senhouse, of Netherhall, Maryport, and Ashby St. Ledgers, Northants. He was in Australia when war broke out, joined the Australian Light Horse, and went to Egypt. Later, he was transferred to the Coldstream Guards, and was serving with the 2nd Battalion when killed in Flanders. Lieutenant W. Hugh Raley was the brother of the late Captain W. H. G. Raley, who was killed on June 15.



SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH DARDANELLES FORCE:
GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

It is not always that the same hand can wield the sword and the pen with equal skill, but General Sir Ian Hamilton's prowess as a soldier finds its complement in his charm of style as a writer. His recent despatch from

Gallipoli was a stirring chronicle of heroic deeds, and a descriptive word-picture, full of colour, realism, and vigour, enhanced by a certain freedom in the use of colloquialisms.

FROM THE PAINTING BY JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A., LENT BY LADY HAMILTON TO THE GUILDHALL ART GALLERY EXHIBITION OF NAVAL AND MILITARY WORKS.

ARMoured CARS TO THE FRONT IN GALLIPOLI: THE ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE LAND FLEET COMING INTO ACTION.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



WITH A FOX'S MASK AS MASCOT ON THE LEADING CAR: ARMoured CARS OF THE R.N.A.S. WHICH ADVANCED OVER BRIDGES CONSTRUCTED ACROSS THE BRITISH TRENCHES, RIGHT UP TO THE TURKISH FIRING-LINE, WHERE THEIR MACHINE-GUNS CAME INTO PLAY.

The fact that British armoured cars have been used against the Turks in Gallipoli has been mentioned in several accounts of the fighting. It was the very action here illustrated which was described in a Reuter despatch published recently in the daily Press, giving an account of the general assault on the Turkish trenches before Achi Baba on June 4. The attack was preceded by an hour's heavy bombardment, and at 12 o'clock came the order to advance. At the same time the armoured cars came into action. The "Times," quoting Reuter's message, said: "At noon the armoured turret motor-cars of the Royal Naval Air Service, using the two tolerable tracks leading from Sedd-ul Bahr and Cape Helles to Krithia, which had been made into something like roads for transport, dashed up to the firing-line, four on each road, timing their

attack to coincide with that of our first line. Crossing our trenches on bridges laid across for them, they went on jolting and rocking over the pitfalls sown in the ground, and so clean up to the enemy's trenches. Here the cars halted and opened fire, with the Maxim carried in the turret, on the Turks fleeing from the first trenches to the rear. On the right road a parapet almost as high as the turret made it difficult for the men to bring their Maxims into play. Soon bullets began to ring against the armoured sides of the cars, and shells began to fall around them. Being unable to advance farther, and our men now being well forward, the cars withdrew, shells falling between them as they drove back along the roads."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

GOGGLES; MASKS; AND BAYONETS: DEFYING THE ENEMY POISON-GAS.



THE APPROACH OF GERMAN POISON-FUMES: EQUIPPED AT ALL POINTS TO FACE BOTH GAS AND THE MEN BEHIND IT.



AS THE ASPHYXIATING CLOUD CAME NEARER: FRENCH TERRITORIALS LOOKING THROUGH THE FUMES FOR THE CHARGING GERMANS.



COMPLETELY PROTECTED AGAINST THE CHOKING DEATH: THE FRENCH HELMET-MASK AS WORN IN THE TRENCHES—A NEAR VIEW.



AS THE POISON-CLOUD PASSED OVER: CROUCHING WITH BAYONETS READY—JUST BEFORE THE GERMAN ONRUSH ARRIVED.

These photographs are life-studies made on the spot at a moment of tense and dramatic suspense during battle. They were taken in the French trenches a few moments before one of the German attacks in force was made, following up a preliminary letting-off of a cloud of poison-gas. The postures of eager expectancy among the men serve to bring out with tell-tale vividness what is actually to be witnessed in the trenches every day. In the first photograph, French soldiers are seen "fortified" against the oncoming of the asphyxiating gas with goggles fitted with eye-pieces of talc, and with anti-asphyxiation-respirators over mouth and nostrils. The attitude of perfect confidence,

devoid of any trace of anxiety, with which they await the enveloping fumes is characteristic. In the second photograph we see the same calm confidence displayed in the attitude of the soldiers—French Territorials—relying on their goggle-respirator equipment as they watch the vapour rolling over the ground towards them. In the third, we have a near view of another form of anti-gas protective equipment, a species of helmet-mask. Again, mark the attitude of alert readiness to confront the enemy. In the fourth photograph we see the men, apparently after sighting the approaching Germans behind the gas, all ready with their bayonets to spring out like lurking tiger-cats.

THE CHURCH IN THE FIRING-LINE: SERVICE IN A TRENCH.



MASS IN A TRENCH: A FRENCH SOLDIER-PRIEST MINISTERING TO HIS COMRADES UNDER FIRE.

Religion is playing a noble part in the Great War, despite certain enemy invocations of the Deity which cannot be said to be in the best of taste. As to France and the Church, it may be noted that, in a little book published recently by the Comtesse de Courson, under the title, "The Soldier-Priests of France," it is said that there are over 20,000 priests serving in the French Army in various capacities. Many of the younger men are privates in the ranks; the elder usually act as hospital orderlies or

stretcher-bearers. Military chaplains are all over forty-eight. When occasion offers, surplice and stole are donned over uniform, and services are held, often in the trenches themselves. The clergy have shown themselves excellent comrades and soldiers, being, as an erstwhile anti-clerical General said the other day, when selecting priests for difficult ambulance work, "steady under fire, indifferent to death, untiringly energetic, and unfailingly cheerful."

FIGHTING THE CROWN PRINCE'S ARMY IN THE ARGONNE. FRENCH SOLDIERS PREPARING THE DEFENCES OF A VILLAGE.

DRAWN BY FREDERIC VILLIERS, OUR SPECIAL WAR-ARTIST IN THE WESTERN THEATRE OF WAR.

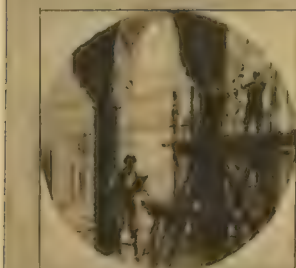


MAKING A BARRICADE WITH BARRELS, CASKS, FURNITURE, AND CARTS FILLED WITH STONES AND SAND-BAGS: FRENCH TROOPS FORTIFYING A VILLAGE STREET NEAR THE FOREST OF APREMONT.

"All this week," writes Mr. Frederic Villiers, in connection with the drawing here reproduced, "there has been fierce fighting in the Argonne. This village near the Apremont wood has figured conspicuously in the Crown Prince's assaults on the French positions." As regards the details of the drawing, he points out the rolls of wire, beer-barrels, and large wine-casks, mattresses, window-shutters, and other articles of furniture used by the French troops in constructing the defences. Some are seen handing up sand-bags to their comrades to be stacked up in a country cart. Another cart is filled with stones. The work was being done under fire, for in the air may be seen the white clouds of German shrapnel bursting overhead, and around a French aeroplane flying near. An interesting reference to the Crown Prince was recently quoted in the Paris Press as having been made by a

German Major taken prisoner at Souchez. He is reported to have said: "If the Crown Prince keeps his command in the Argonne, he will go on sacrificing his men until there is nothing left of his army. He is endeavouring to justify the hopes of his people, and fondly imagines he can wipe out the disgrace of the battle of the Marne." The French Embassy recently issued, through the Press Bureau, a correction of the German *communiqués* of July 14, 15, and 16, regarding the Argonne. "On this sector," it stated, "the attempts of the Germans to pierce our line have been completely arrested since July 13. The number of 7000 prisoners of which they speak is not the number of our losses in the Argonne, but the total of our missing during the month. The Germans have on their side suffered at least equal losses."—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada)

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY



THE BUILDING OF ST SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECTURAL VIEW.



THE SETTING-UP OF THE LATER METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE VIRGIN MARY AT CONSTANTINOPLE: JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SUBMITTED BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHIMIOS OF TRALLIS & ISIDORE OF MILETUS.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FLOUR MOTHS AND ARMY RATIONS.

WHEN it became possible to store food within hermetically sealed tins it was doubtless supposed that an inestimable boon had been conferred upon mankind in general, and upon our sailors and soldiers in particular; for viands could now be assured to them in distant lands which would otherwise be unattainable. Substantially this supposition has been indeed justified. But from time to time this system has produced some very disagreeable surprises; occasionally, indeed, needing an inquiry by the Coroner!

Till recently biscuits, at any rate, seemed secure from harm thus encased: one item at least in the rations of our fighting forces seemed removed from the category of the perishable. But time was to prove that this confidence was misplaced. During recent years, from distant outposts of our Empire, have come reports of consignments of biscuits discovered to be for the most part uneatable when the tin containing them was opened. Uneatable because riddled through and through with holes, tunnelled by fat white maggots, and covered with a nauseous-looking film of silky texture. Even the "weevily" biscuit of other days was an appetising morsel by comparison!

When these complaints became more and more numerous, the authorities of the British Museum of Natural History were asked by the War Office to hold an inquiry with a view, if possible, of devising remedial measures. This was undertaken by a member of the Staff, Mr. Hartley Durrant, in conjunction with Lieut.-Col. W. W. O. Beveridge, D.S.O., R.A.M.C. Sample tins, from South Africa, Ceylon, Gibraltar, Malta, Mauritius, and the Sudan, were returned for their inspection, and the contents, when examined, might well have come from some witch's kitchen. A very cursory examination revealed a quite surprising variety of insect life, in the shape of moths and beetles, in every stage of development. Since each of these tins contained precisely similar samples of insects, though they came from regions remote from one another, it was obvious at the outset that all must have been infected at the same time and place—the biscuit factory at which they were made. The task now before the investigators was to identify the insects and discover their life-history, in order that measures might be taken to put an end to this very serious menace to the food-supply of our ships and garrisons. This done, it was necessary to discover at what stage in the process of manufacture infection took place.

No less than three different kinds of moths and two different species of beetles were found in the biscuits, while yet other species were found in the factories. It was possible that the eggs

found entry with the flour during the process of making the biscuit. But this theory was soon found to be untenable by means of an

elaborate experiment by which the internal temperature of the biscuit during its passage through the oven was taken. This temperature was found to be so high that any eggs which might have gained admission to the dough would most certainly be destroyed. After laborious research it was discovered that the moths found opportunity to lay their eggs while the biscuits were cooling, before packing. So soon as this fact was proved, preventive measures became possible.

Not the slightest blame could be attached to the manufacturers of these biscuits, for although they may have seen an occasional moth about their mills, they had no sort of reason to suppose that such harmless-looking creatures were capable of so much mischief. As to the beetles, they are so minute that their very existence was probably unknown to anyone in the mill. Moreover, theoretically, it was impossible for these creatures, even supposing they gained access to the biscuits, to survive in hermetically sealed tins.

But they did much more than this. They multiplied in a most amazing fashion. Egg, caterpillar, and winged moth succeeded one another in rapid and orderly succession in these closely packed, air-tight tins just as freely as in the open, well-aired mill. It seems incredible, but it is true.

The most troublesome of these moths is the species known as *Ephestia Kühniella*, which, till this inquiry, was supposed to have been indigenous to the Mediterranean, and to have made its way thence to America. Hence it was known as the "Mediterranean Moth." As a matter of fact, Mr. Durrant was able to prove it made its way originally from Central America into North America, whence it travelled to Europe in consignments of flour and grain.

It would seem that these attacks on our Army biscuits by insect pests have been going on, more or less continuously, for more than a hundred years. This much may be gathered from a sergeant in the Gordon Highlanders, who, writing of events in February 1801, at Marmorice Bay—where the British forces concentrated prior to sailing for Alexandria—remarks: "Some vessels were despatched to . . . Smyrna and Aleppo for bread, which was furnished us by the Turks. . . . We were glad to get this, as our biscuits were full of worms; many of our men COULD ONLY EAT THEM IN THE DARK!"

A case devoted to the illustration of these infected biscuits, and the insects which infest them, has been placed in the Central Hall of the Natural History Museum, by special request of the War Office. W. P. PYCRAFT.



ONE KIND OF INSECT PEST THAT DESTROYS FIGHTING-MEN'S FOOD. THE "MEDITERRANEAN MOTH," *EPHESTIA KÜHNIELLA* (MALE AND FEMALE, NATURAL SIZE AND ENLARGED; LARVA ENLARGED).

This is the commonest of the three species of moths found in ration biscuits by an official investigation committee. Believed at first to have been indigenous to the Mediterranean, and commonly called the "Mediterranean Moth" in consequence, *Ephestia Kühniella* has now been proved to have come "originally from Central America into North America, whence it travelled to Europe in consignments of flour and grain."



PESTS OF THE FIGHTING-MAN'S FOOD: A RATION BISCUIT INFESTED BY THE *EPHESTIA KÜHNIELLA* MOTH.

This biscuit was found in an hermetically sealed tin during the investigation by a Natural History Museum Committee at the instance of the War Office. "The moths," it was discovered, "found opportunity to lay their eggs while the biscuits were cooling before packing." Preventive measures have been taken.



PESTS OF THE FIGHTING-MAN'S FOOD: A RATION BISCUIT INFESTED BY THE *CORCYRA CEPHALONICA* MOTH.

The above illustration shows one of the biscuits found in an hermetically sealed tin, which was returned to England from an Army station abroad as "uneatable." "Uneatable because riddled through and through with holes, tunnelled by fat white maggots, and covered with a nauseous-looking film of silky texture."

THE DEFEAT OF GERMANY'S GIANT BIPLANE: THE VICTOR ABLAZE.

DRAWN BY JOHN DE G. BRYAN, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED 'BY AN EYE-WITNESS.



AFTER IT HAD PUT THE ENEMY "BATTLE AIRMAN" TO FLIGHT: THE BRITISH MACHINE NOSE-DIVING, AFLAME.
AMID BURSTING SHELLS, BUT STILL UNDER CONTROL.

Last week we published a drawing showing Germany's great fighting biplane, with double fuselage, two propellers, two engines, and a central armoured-car for pilot and machine-gunners. As we noted then, two officers of the R.F.C. had an exciting experience with it. At the end of a duel, the enemy machine, its engines stopped, nose-dived to a level of 2000 feet, where it flattened out its course, flying slowly and erratically. Then, as "Eye-Witness" put it: "Under a heavy fire from anti-aircraft guns, our pilot turned towards our lines . . . when his machine was hit . . . The petrol-tank had been pierced, and . . . the petrol was set alight by the exhaust

and ran blazing down to the front of the body of the aeroplane. . . . The pilot, however, did not lose control, and the aeroplane proceeded steadily on its downward course. Before it reached the ground a large part of the framework had been destroyed. . . . Both the officers were severely burned. As an example of a terse, unvarnished statement of fact, the last words of the pilot's official report of the adventure are worthy of quotation: ' . . . The whole of the nacelle (body) seemed to be in flames. We landed at W.35 n P.16 (Z Series 93 E.W. 1-35,500). '—
[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

CAUSE OF UNBOUNDED GERMAN JOY: THE WELSH COAL STRIKE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "SHORT AND GENERAL," ALFRED, AND NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.



A STRIKE ALEXANDRA ROSE DAY AT PONTYPRIDD: MINERS DRAWING THEIR PAY AND BUYING ROSES FROM THE MANAGER'S WIFE.



A SIGN OF CESSATION OF WORK: MINERS WITH CLEAN FACES AND IN ORDINARY DRESS GOING TO DRAW THEIR PAY.



MINERS' LEADERS IN LONDON: MR. JOHN WILLIAMS, M.P. (RIGHT) AND MR. WILLIAMS, AGENT FOR MERTHYR.



THE KIND OF MAN WHOSE "GRIEVANCES" LED TO THE COAL STRIKE: A TYPICAL WELSH COLLIER.



MINERS' LEADERS IN LONDON: MR. ALBERT THOMAS AGENT FOR RHYMNEY AND MR. STANTON.



ABANDONING WORK WHICH IS VITAL TO THE SAFETY OF THE COUNTRY: WELSH MINERS ON STRIKE LEAVING THE PIT YARD.



AFTER A MEETING IN A CHAPEL TO DISCUSS THE SITUATION: A TYPICAL SCENE IN SOUTH WALES DURING THE COAL STRIKE.

At the moment of writing the deplorable dispute in the South Wales coal trade has not been settled. The trouble began some time before the war, and eventually, on April 1, the miners gave notice to terminate the wages agreement with the coal-owners. No settlement was reached, and on July 1 the Board of Trade intervened, and certain concessions were suggested. To these a majority of the men's leaders agreed, but on July 12 the men's delegates decided, at Cardiff, on a card vote by a majority of 42,850, not to follow the advice of their Executive and accept the terms, but to "down tools" on the following day, July 13. On that day a Royal Proclamation was issued applying the

Munitions Act to the dispute. By the 15th there was practically a general stoppage of work in the South Wales coal-field, and some 200,000 men were on strike. On the 19th it was announced that Mr. Lloyd George was going down to Cardiff that evening to endeavour to promote a better understanding with a view to the termination of the coal strike. In regard to our Photograph No. 1, it should be mentioned that Alexandra Rose Day was kept at Pontypridd on Saturday, July 17. According to the Berne correspondent of the "Morning Post" there was "the utmost rejoicing in Germany and Austria over the reports of the Welsh coal strike."



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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"ALL SCOTCH." AT THE APOLLO.

EVEN with the example of "Buntz" to reassure him, it must have required some courage on Mr. Harry Grattan's part to present an entertainment which was "All Scotch." But in his case, as so often, daring met with its reward, though there is nothing very out of the way in a programme which is a combination of pretty scenes taking melodies, humour of the pawkiest, and "A Nicht wi' Burns." It is Scotland up to date, we may add, to which Mr. Grattan introduces us at the Apollo; a Scotland in which all the men, save three or four Macs and some patriarchal caddies and fishermen, have gone to the war, and the women perform all the work and wear the kilts. Among the most fascinating of the women, we recognise such public favourites as Miss Jean Aylwin, Miss Elsie Mann, and Miss Marie Blanche. The last-named delights with her violin. Miss Mann plays cello part in a duet-scene, entitled "Thinking," in which she figures as a crozier-lassie with her thoughts on her Highland lover at the front shown to us in a dream tableau: Miss Aylwin emerges from a safe in tartan costume to render piquant songs, and to demonstrate with audacious wit the superiority of Scotland to the rest of the world. In furnishing the fun of the piece, Mr. Morand, as a certain Mac-Therson, has also a large share, especially when this Mac turns special constable; and there are attractive bathing-dresses, sprightly dances, and light music from the pens of Mr. Darewski and Mr. Edward Jones to give us pleasure, not to mention familiar old tunes revised in the Burns Festival episode.

"HER FORBIDDEN MARRIAGE," AT THE LYCEUM.

"Whirlwind drama," we may take as the equivalent of melodrama in *excelsis*, and if that be the meaning of the

term as applied to the latest Melville play at the Lyceum, "Her Forbidden Marriage," why, it merits the description. When you have a girl told by her guardian that either she marries a certain suitor or must shift for herself, and find her running away, of course by car, with a young inventor, only to be robbed of her bridegroom by the villain on a false charge of theft, why, you know you have come

enemy, perhaps just in the nick of time to save his wife, and that the rogue at long last will reap his deserts. So, indeed, it happens, with Mr. Lauderdale Maitland as wronged hero; Mr. Fred Morgan as villain; Miss Alice Belmore as heroine; Miss Nina Lyn as wicked adventuress; and Mr. Fred Ingram and Miss May Davis as makers of gaiety; and it is only a cynic who will not revel in the story.

THE GRAND GUIGNOL, AT THE GARRICK.

The Grand Guignol Company opened a season at the Garrick last Monday with a programme of five pieces, one of which is a novelty specially written for London audiences. It is a war-play, this "Veillée de Jeanne Rémy," its scene, the bedroom of the Major in a French village captured by Germans, where we see an English soldier strangle a German bully, and the Major's daughter keeps watch while the Englishman escapes in his victim's clothes, to bring help before morning. But when dawn is breaking the German Captain makes his appearance, and comes across his man's body. He is drunk, and has already made overtures to the unhappy Jeanne, but the discovery of the prisoner's escape and deed of homicide maddens him, and Jeanne's mention of her children suggests to him his revenge. We are to suppose that he massacres the young things before the Englishman can arrive to cut him down. This is raw melodrama, as may be gathered, and why playwrights should invent fresh crimes for Germans as stage-horrors, while the war itself is surfeiting us with actual tragedy, it is difficult to understand. The Grand Guignol management has, no doubt, the best intentions, but it is scarcely likely in this way to please English tastes. Fortunately, the programme has its "laughs" as well as its thrills, and though unpretentious, such a farce as "Bloomfield and Co." is diverting enough to make some amends.



ENLISTING FOR THE WAR LOAN: A PRACTICAL FORM OF PATRIOTISM.

Many leading firms in London have made arrangements to give special facilities to enable their employees to participate in the War Loan. Our photograph shows Mr. S. J. Waring, of the well-known house of Waring and Gillow, Ltd., accompanied by Sergt. Belcher, V.C., of the London Rifle Brigade, who was formerly in the employ of the Company, addressing the staff at their Hammersmith factory, and explaining the advantages of the War Loan and the facilities which they are offering.

across the genuine article. You endure patiently the persecution of virtue and the triumphs of villainy, and you gladly welcome the traditional comic-relief, convinced that some time or other the innocent convict will face his

likely in this way to please English tastes. Fortunately, the programme has its "laughs" as well as its thrills, and though unpretentious, such a farce as "Bloomfield and Co." is diverting enough to make some amends.

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LADIES' PAGE.

THE "Great Women's Procession in London," designed to "produce overwhelming evidence that British women are ready and determined to give their help to Britain in her hour of need," is the latest effort of the Suffrage society founded by Mrs. Pankhurst, the members of which were recently demonstrating their determination to help the country by smashing the glass over pictures in national collections and burning down empty mansions or setting fire to letter-boxes full of public correspondence. I am not jeering or jesting in this statement. The women who took part in those ebullitions were undoubtedly endeavouring to secure a voice in the affairs of their country, with a view to being allowed to help and serve the State. Wrong and mistaken as the vast majority of both men and women considered those now disused methods to be, right and wise as the same people will consider the new plan, it remains to be seen in the future what is the result of either.

The same difficulty as to the right policy to pursue in a great national crisis confronted the American women advocates of suffrage in their great Civil Anti-Slavery War; they then dropped their own question, as the British societies are now mainly doing; but, afterwards, the parties who had claimed and obtained war work from women gave votes to all the male negroes and left the daughters of the Pilgrim Fathers still outside the constitution. On the other hand, public opinion would now justly be more than ever outraged and antagonised by the intrusion by the old Pankhurst methods of women's claim to citizenship. Moreover, it is very certain that women's right to vote, and everybody's civil rights of every kind, go to the ground with a crash if Germany wins against the Allies. German laws, traditions, and daily customs all place their women in a far, very far lower position than those of any other civilised nation; and it is destruction to the wider aspirations and efforts of women if those detestable alien ways should gain the rule over us. The result of the tone of German men towards their mothers and wives is visible to the world, also, in the conduct of those men towards the women of Belgium. No wonder we all want to help our dear country to win the war!

Economy is certainly one means to that end; but it is rather fooling for Cabinet Ministers to advise us women to use up the sprouting old potatoes, and to feed our families on soup made of green-pea shells, if an orgy of sheer waste is carried on in regard to the food, and especially the meat, in the camps. If we can almost stop supplying our families with meat without peril to their health and strength, it is surely equally possible for a man in Army training to subsist on something less extravagantly excessive than a whole pound of meat (without bone), plus two ounces of bacon, every day! Meantime, the housewife, though she should do nothing to increase this waste of food, must by no means suppose that men engaged in active civilian life, or growing children, or even the unconsidered house-mother herself, can with impunity live upon such matters as pea-shell soup, or even haricot beans as the staple dish at every meal. As Mrs. Kunciman observed in a speech last week, it is not easy for housewives to find any reliable



A GRACEFUL TEA-GOWN WITH A BODICE OF MID-NIGHT-BLUE AND DULL-SILVER BROCADE AND AN OVERSKIRT OF MIDNIGHT-BLUE TULLE, CUT OUT IN POINTS AND BOUND WITH DULL-SILVER GALON. The long angel sleeves are of the tulle and weighted with a large dull-silver tassel.

information as to the foods to substitute for meat. Vegetarians' cookery-books display their anti-meat prejudices. For instance, it has been pointed out that these books are in the habit of stating the percentage of nutrition in meat as compared with that in haricot beans in the uncooked condition—that is to say, without allowing for the water that is necessarily taken up by the beans in the process of cooking. Moreover, the pulses are often found indigestible; their theoretical food-value cannot be actually absorbed and utilised. Broadly speaking, however, we know that the pulses, such as oatmeal, lentils, peas, and haricot beans, are useful as substitutes when meat is scarce; and also that a good wholemeal bread is incomparably more valuable in nutriment than white bread. This knowledge we can apply, "ringing the changes" as far as possible in the flavours used, and lessening the meat provided at table.

It is announced that the Hon. Venetia Stanley is to become a member of the Jewish faith on her marriage with Lord Swaythling's son. This is a very rare event, possibly unique. However, unconventionality (as well as great cleverness) "run in the family" of the lady. She is a daughter of Lord Sheffield, better known to many people under the name he bore while for many years a member of the London School Board, the Hon. Lyulph Stanley. His elder brother, the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, formally became a Mohammedan. One of the bride's aunts is Rosalind, Lady Carlisle, whose strong individuality has expressed itself chiefly in her democratic tendencies. Some of her daughters married men of intellect rather than great position, with more than her consent, for she took a house in Oxford for the purpose of their meeting men of personal qualities to be admired—a view of life for children that would seem more odd to worldly people than the conversion to Judaism of the bride of Mr. Montagu. Another aunt, the Hon. Maude Stanley, has died this week; she devoted herself to founding clubs for working girls, and did a most valuable work. The mother of this remarkable group was more distinguished and uncommon even than her children. She was the Victorian Lady Stanley of Alderley, who did much for the higher education of women movement in its early days. She was *très grande dame*, but some other women of rank thought her very odd.

My suggestion here of a distinctive badge for men disabled in the war has met with high approval. Lord Derby has taken up and commended the idea, and a French Senator has introduced a Bill into the Chamber to effect this object. A Belgian correspondent tells me that such a badge is already issued to the disabled soldiers of Belgium.

The sun shines as usual upon the just and the unjust, and the aid of a preparation to soothe the skin is as needful as ever to sensitive complexions. A capital and inexpensive remedy for burning complexions is the long-famed "Beetham's La-rola." A small quantity of this milk-like fluid applied as directed is comforting in a high degree, clearing the pores of dust and soothing the irritable surface of the skin. Many men use it after shaving for this purpose. All chemists and stores supply "La-rola," and also the same firm's "Rose Bloom." FILOMENA.

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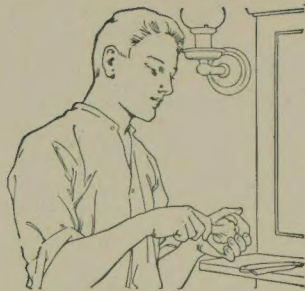
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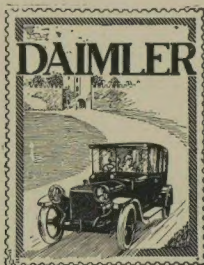
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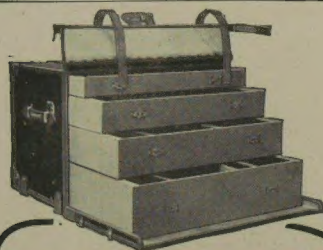
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Panama Exhibition.

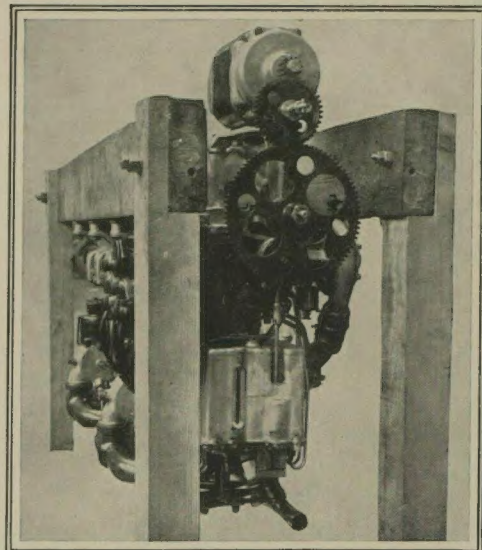
It is pleasant to record that the Rolls-Royce car exhibited by this firm at the Panama Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco has been awarded a Gold Medal—the highest prize for “workmanship, material, and display of exhibit.” The excellent behaviour of the Rolls-Royce cars in France, South Africa, and the Dardanelles has proved their worth not only as the carriage of luxury, but as a fighting unit of great strength, they alone standing up under service conditions of an abnormal character. It seems but yesterday that poor Charlie Rolls died for progress in aviation at Bourne-mouth, yet five years have elapsed since that fatal day, July 12, 1910. To him and his colleagues and friends, Mr. Claude Johnson and Mr. Royce, England owes much in their production of the best possible automobile machine. British motorists should try and remember this when the home industry is being fiercely attacked by foreign competitors, as it is going to be a sad day when this country becomes only a distributor of foreign motor-cars in place of a manufacturer. Yet this will be its fate if something is not done by the motoring public to keep

Napier View.

Harry Vane, the managing director of D. Napier and Sons, Ltd., stated the other day that there is a very strong feeling that the Government ought to do something to protect British manufacturers of motor-cars. At the present time they are quite unable to supply cars to the public, and this leaves the field practically open to the American and other foreign-made cars. Every foreign-made car bought over here means so much money sent out of the country, and, on the ground of patriotism alone, the public should be appealed to to wait for a British car. On the other hand, the Government, on their side, should help the British motor industry by placing a tax on imported cars. The British motor-manufacturer is helping the Government and the country by placing the whole of his resources at their disposal, and it is surely unfair that the market is left open and free for any outsider to come in whilst the British manufacturer cannot retaliate. The “American invasion” will undoubtedly be a very serious thing for the English maker of cars, and a point to be borne in mind is the number of German employees—hyphenated Americans—engaged upon the production of such cars, and whom English money is helping to keep.

American The British Cars. manufacturer

in the past rather encouraged the cheap American car like the Ford and the first Cadillac, as they catered for a class of motorists that he himself did not attempt to build for. He argued that the man or woman that first bought a Ford car would, in the long run, buy a more expensive car afterwards, and so the cheap car helped to expand the field of motorists. But today the Americans are importing into this country cars of all descriptions, some of them as good-class vehicles as our own, and so the British motor industry, looking ahead, sees that these cars will get such a firm hold here that they will not be ousted, because the British manufacturer cannot at the present time enter into any trade competition with them. When the war ceases there will be hundreds of thousands of



OF SPECIAL INTEREST FOR AIRMEN AT THE FRONT: THE C.A.V. SELF-STARTER AS FITTED TO A 90-H.P. BEARDMORE-DAIMLER AERO ENGINE.

This interesting and promising application of motor self-starter mechanism to aircraft is produced by Messrs. C. A. Vandervell, electrical specialists, of Acton. It has been successfully tested for employment with aeroplane engines under very severe conditions and weight limitations. It enables an aircraft pilot to start his engines at a moment's notice without needing to leave his machine. The makers fairly claim to have thus practically solved a vitally important aviation problem, invaluable for war purposes.

mechanics and old employees of the British motor trade asking their employers of the past to give them work in their factories on their discharge from the colours. How are they going to give them work if their factories have no orders to execute? Yet unless the British public save up their orders for our motor-manufacturers there will be no great amount of work to be put in hand, especially if one considers the enormous number of military motors that will be thrown on the second-hand market at the conclusion of hostilities. It is a very serious question that will have to be tackled now or it will be too late, as it affects not only some 300,000 workmen, but some £50,000,000 of investors' capital.

W. W.



A WAYSIDE IDYLL FOR POETIC INTERPRETATION? A 95-H.P. STANDARD CAR HALTED AMID SURROUNDINGS OF OLD-TIME HISTORIC ROMANCE.

The scene of the photograph is by the high road in Shakespeare's country at Charlecote. It is near there that Shakespeare, as a village youth, found himself in trouble with the local justice of the peace, Mr. Lucy, of Charlecote Park, for—to put it shortly—poaching. The old-time timber fence, the broken-down field-gate, emphasise the contrast sufficiently, with the up-to-date and smart motor.

its orders waiting until the British motor manufacturer can again take up his own business in place of his present occupation—supplying munitions of war for the nation.

cause the British manufacturer cannot at the present time enter into any trade competition with them. When the war ceases there will be hundreds of thousands of

Pedigree v. Guarantee

It isn't a question of
“Who made the first tyre?”

but

“Which tyre assures the
best value for money?”

The first query is difficult to answer—so many claim the honour—but *there is no doubt that*

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are the most satisfactory Tyre investment. They are guaranteed, not merely against defects in manufacture, but against *all* road risks, except fire.

Square Tread	3000 Miles.
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Remember:—“A sound guarantee is worth an infinity of talk.”

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(M 516)



MOTURING ECONOMY.

Now that thrift has become a national service, careless expenditure is neglect of duty. Motor economically and you will motor patriotically.

Here are a few simple rules on—

HOW to SAVE 50% on the TYRE BILL

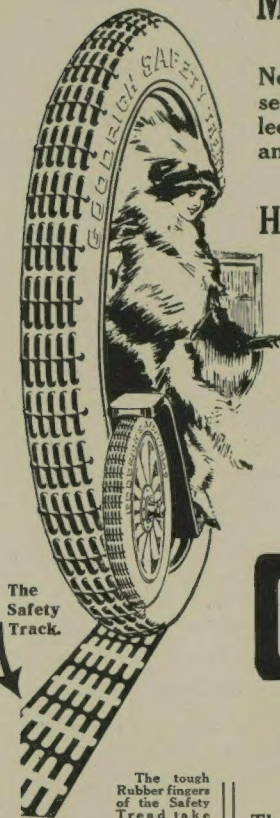
1. Drive carefully—pick your track—there's no reason why you should take every stone or rut in the road—put in your clutch cleverly, be a little easier with the brakes and a trifle slower round the corners.
2. Watch your tyres—examine them for injuries after the day's run, and—fill up the cuts ("Stayput" is said to be the best stuff for this, but if you know of anything better—use it). Unfilled cuts are open doors to trouble.
3. Inflate well and test frequently—don't overload—use speed wisely, let it be your servant, not your master.
4. DRIVE SAFELY. Ensure safety by using tyres that reduce skidding to negligible proportions; that is to say, use

GOODRICH SAFETY TREAD TYRES

Manufactured by

The B. F. Goodrich Company, Limited,
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Write for Illustrated Catalogue giving the full story of "The Safety."



The Safety Track.

The tough Rubber fingers of the Safety Tread take hold on the first symptom of a skid. They set right down to the bed of the road and grip. They make the brake effective, because they stop the skid before it starts. The car is compelled to obey the will of the man at the wheel.

Pleasant Reflections
are those, indeed, which show the lustrous milk-white beauty of a well-kept set of teeth.

The regular use of Calox will keep your teeth in that fine condition. Oxygen is the cleansing agent in Calox, and there is nothing else so purifying, nothing else that removes the causes of dental decay so effectually.

Start to-day the regular night and morning use of Calox.

CALOX The Oxygen Tooth Powder

A Dainty Sample Box of Calox sent Free for a Postcard.

Calox is sold ordinarily by Chemists and Stores at 1/1½, in non-wasting metal boxes.
G. B. KENT & SONS, LTD., 75, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.

ICY-HOT

Keeps Contents Ice Cold 72 Hours; Hot 24 Hours
ICY-HOT Vacuum Flasks

Afford hot or cold beverages at home or abroad when preparation is impossible. Indispensable when traveling or on any outing. They will furnish the men in the trenches with steaming hot, sustaining refreshment or a cooling drink when commissary is far away.

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A thickly padded spring cushion at oval bottom m.c. flask practically unbreakable. Asbestos pads prevent vibration of inner flask, eliminating breakage at the neck.

Absolutely Sanitary
Projecting glass neck. Leak-age into case when pouring prevented by rubber ring. Instantly demountable. Easy to keep clean. Inexpensive to replace. The

"Tommy Atkins" Icy-Hot Vacuum Flask
shown here comes in container enamelled in leather effect, with nickel-plated shoulder and drinking cup. Made for hard usage. Ideal gift for the soldier friend ordered to the continent. Look for name ICY-HOT on bottom.

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THE ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.
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YOUR NEW CAR

Why it needs special care during the first 1,000 miles.

Your car in one respect is like any other piece of machinery. It "settles down" only after use. If well maintained it will run better at the 2,000th mile than at the first.

Motor trouble and undue noises are too often caused by early neglect. The metal worn off by friction is gone for ever.

And your lubricating oil is your only protection against this friction wear.

At all times and especially during the important "settling down" period, when the moving parts have not fully adjusted themselves to each other, oil of the highest lubricating efficiency is of the utmost importance.

Each piston makes several thousand strokes per mile.

The effects of the wrong oil will not be noticed during the first piston stroke or the second. But when the piston strokes run up into millions—and that does not take long—friction begins to take its toll. You do not have to look for the wear then. You hear it.

The correct body and superior quality of the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil will ensure the highest lubricating efficiency and low running costs.

Gargoyle Mobiloils are sold by dealers everywhere.



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A grade for each type of motor.

WRITE TO-DAY

Send us particulars of your car, and we will tell you the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for efficient lubrication.

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combine distinction and lightweight with the security against rain, wind and dust which is essential for health, comfort, and the preservation of a dainty frock.

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In airtight materials which, by special weaving and proofing, are endowed with unique powers of resisting wet-penetration—represents perfection in all that is practical, graceful and becoming.

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THE BELTED BURBERRY
A smart, lightweight and easy-fitting little weatherproof.

"THE PRUSSIAN TERROR."

ALEXANDRE DUMAS the elder was one of the first Frenchmen to perceive the growing menace of Prussian militarism, years before the débâcle of 1870, and long ere it had attained the giant proportions in which it now threatens Europe and the world. Dumas embodied his knowledge and his apprehensions in a historical romance, "La Terreur Prussienne," written immediately after the Prussian triumph over the Austrians in the war of 1866, during which Prussian troops gave, especially in the free city of Frankfurt on the Main, a foretaste of that "frightfulness" which they afterwards employed against France in 1870, and which they have displayed on a still greater scale in Belgium and elsewhere during the present war. Strange to say, no English version of this intensely significant, and at the present time profoundly interesting, book has hitherto appeared. It was an excellent idea, therefore, on the part of Mr. Robert Garnett (who, by the way, is a son of the late Dr. Richard Garnett, of the British Museum, and is

might have been expected, has performed the task admirably. His translation—"The Prussian Terror" (Stanley Paul)—reads like an original, and his brief introduction gives just what is required in the way of historical reminders and links with current events. "It has been repeatedly stated," he writes, "that before the Franco-German War of 1870 the German soldiers were guiltless of acts of atrocity. This story proves the contrary. . . . Dumas's book, though in story form, is an authoritative contribution to history." Dumas, who had lived at Frankfurt, was deeply shocked by the Prussian barbarities committed there. "He travelled to Frankfurt and observed them for himself. Then he went to Gotha, Hanover, and Berlin; he visited the battlefields of Langensalz and Sadowa, and returned to Paris with his note-books crammed with precious details, his pockets bulging with unpublished documents. . . . Such is the genesis of this book, in which on every page the author seems to say, 'Awake! The danger is at hand!'" Although, as has been indicated, "The Prussian Terror" contains an element of history and politics, it is by

no means devoid of those qualities which attract the novel-reader. The great romancer who wrote "The Three Musketeers" could hardly succeed in being dry, even as a political historian. In casting his prophetic warning into the form of fiction, his pen retained much of its old magic. His hero, Benedict Turpin, is a nineteenth-century D'Artagnan, with equal zest for the perilous moment and the romantic adventure, ever ready to fight the strong and to protect the fair. Among the real personages who figure in the story are King William and Queen Augusta of Prussia, the blind King of Hanover and his son, and Bismarck, whose legacy of "blood and iron" Europe has today inherited.

An excess of zeal not infrequently leads the over-zealous into error, and in the natural desire to avoid purchasing any article that has the slightest appearance of German origin or manufacture, some of the public are apt to conclude that unless a commodity has a thoroughly English name it must

necessarily come from Germany. This mistaken idea has even occasionally affected an article like "Ronuk" Floor Polish, which is English from "top to bottom," and it is interesting to know the derivation and meaning of the word "Ronuk." When this famous polish was invented, the owners were anxious to get a thoroughly unique name for it, and they offered a prize of £5 for an appropriate title. An old retired Army officer, who had been much in the East, suggested "Ronuk," which is derived from a Persian word meaning beauty, splendour. The owners were struck with the peculiarity of the word, and the officer was awarded the prize. So, obviously, there is not a shadow of connection with Germany.

The lover of the cigarette is generally something of a connoisseur, and appreciates, especially if he is a considerable consumer, a certain mildness which makes for both delicacy and healthfulness. This attractive and agreeable quality is very noticeable in the Craven "A" cigarettes produced by Carreras, Ltd., 55, Piccadilly, W., and is appreciated equally in the London club or the trenches at the front. In this time of nerve-strain a Virginia cigarette, such as the Craven "A," is soothing and pleasant to a degree.

The Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., asks us to give publicity to the fact that the statement which has appeared in certain journals to the effect that the prices of Dunlop tyres are increased ten per cent. is absolutely erroneous. It is in the prices of motor and cycle sundries only that the Company has been obliged to make the increase.



ONE OF THE MONSTER TURKISH CANNON PUT OUT OF ACTION IN GALLIPOLI: A SCORE OF BRITISH SOLDIERS ON A WRECKED GUN AT CAPE HELLES.

Before the landing of the troops in Gallipoli, many of the Turkish guns had been put out of action by our naval bombardments. Describing the effect on the coast-defences between Caps Helles and Sedd-ul Bahr, an official correspondent wrote: "The two great guns mounted there have been knocked out and their emplacements badly shattered."—[Photograph by C.N.]

himself not unknown in the literary world, particularly as an authority on Thackeray) to supply this omission by translating Dumas's neglected work. Mr. Garnett, as

slightest appearance of German origin or manufacture, some of the public are apt to conclude that unless a commodity has a thoroughly English name it must



HON. TREASURER OF A DESERVING WAR FUND: MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The unhappy condition and urgent need of help of many thousands of the Poles are not sufficiently realised. The sufferings of many Polish families are acute, and the "Great Britain to Poland Fund" is one which is doing benevolent work in a direction which has been comparatively overlooked, and contributions sent to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Eveleigh Nash, the well-known publisher, will be gratefully acknowledged. They should be sent to Mr. Nash at the Berkeley Hotel, Piccadilly, W. Mr. Nash has collected £20,000 in twelve weeks, but much more is urgently needed.

Photograph by Dover Street Studios.

URODONAL

prevents Arterio-Sclerosis.

THE SIGN OF THE TEMPORAL ARTERY.

It is well known that Arterio-Sclerosis is a progressive modification of the blood vessels, which by dint of coming into contact with blood that is loaded with poisonous substances and "peccant humours," gradually become stiff and friable to the point of resembling clay piping. This infirmity is the forerunner and starting point of serious disorders, such as at'ronia, cerebral hemorrhage, atrophy of the liver or kidneys, &c. How can the preliminary symptoms be detected so that the progress of the disease may be arrested, if possible, before it becomes generalised?

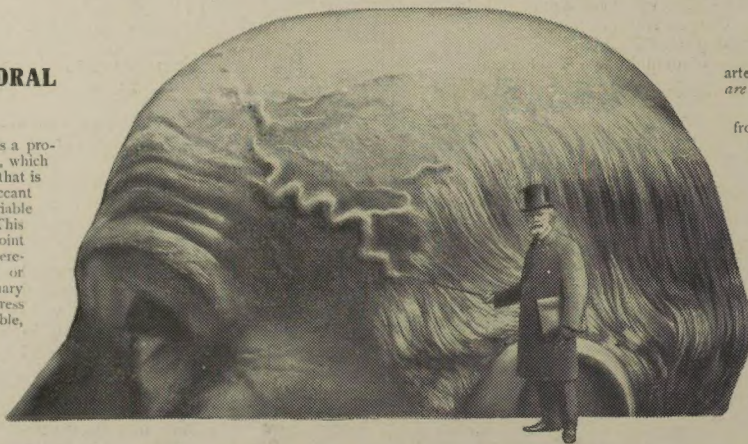
Candidates to arterio-sclerosis usually digest their food improperly; they experience vague feelings of discomfort, frequent migraine (sick headache), wandering pains, hemorrhage of the nose, tingling sensations in the limbs; the least muscular or mental exertion causes a feeling of exhaustion; they are sensitive to the cold, and inclined to be irritable, worried and melancholic.

There is, however, another symptom which is quite unmistakable, viz., the *Sign of the Temporal Artery*.

It has often been said that a smooth and unlined forehead, free from wrinkles and blemishes, is a token of innocence; but it would be more correct to say that it is a sign of youth and good health. As long as the blood is rich and free from impurities, so long do the muscles retain their flexibility, the skin retain its lustre and firmness, and the tissues their consistency.

On the other hand, if the blood should become impure and the circulation impeded, the network of swollen, stiff and petrified blood vessels soon appears through the starved tissues. The temporal vein, especially (which under normal conditions is almost invisible) soon stands out in such a manner that no careful observer can fail to recognise it.

If, therefore, you should notice between the eye and the root of the hair, under the wrinkled and withered skin of the temples, a kind of hard, bluish, knotted cord protruding, be on your guard, for this is the indisputable proof that your blood vessels are becoming hardened, and that you are threatened with old age. It does not matter that you have not a white hair; your



The age of a man is the age of his arteries. Keep your arteries young by taking URODONAL, and you will thereby avoid Arterio-Sclerosis, which hardens the walls of the blood vessels, and renders them stiff and brittle.

Recommended by Prof. Lancereaux, late President of the Academie de Medecine in his "TREATISE ON GOUT."

examine one's tongue in order to find out the state of the digestive functions.

Adopted by Public Health Authorities.

Gold Medal and Grands Prix. London, 1908. Quito and Nancy, 1909.

N.B.—URODONAL, prepared by J. L. Chatelein, Pharm. Chemist, Paris, price 6s. per bottle, can be obtained from all Chemists and Drug Stores, or direct, post free (to the U.K.), from the British and Colonial Agents, HEPPELL and Co., Pharmacists and Foreign Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London W., from whom can also be obtained, post free, a full explanatory booklet, giving Doctors' Opinions on How to Maintain Health, and *Lancet* Report of Dec. 19, 1914.

arteries are growing old—and do not forget it: you are as old as your arteries.

You must act promptly. Purify your blood from the poisonous substances with which it is loaded, and especially of the most dangerous of all, viz.: uric acid. When your blood vessels are no longer influenced by the acidity of the blood, they will regain their flexibility and contractibility. To effect this miracle it is only necessary to take a thorough course of the wonder-working URODONAL, which dissolves uric acid "as easily as hot water dissolves sugar," and which is the standard treatment of Arterio-Sclerosis as so clearly demonstrated by the latest experimental researches of Dr. Légerot, the eminent professor of Physiology at the Ecole Supérieure des Sciences d'Alger.

By taking every night a teaspoonful of URODONAL in a tumbler of water, and doing this regularly, you will find that nothing else in the world will be more helpful in keeping the veins and arteries flexible and supple. If, however, you already present the "Sign of the Temporal Artery," you should adopt an energetic treatment by taking daily three to four teaspoonfuls of URODONAL (each teaspoonful dissolved in a tumbler of water). You will find this of great benefit, and there is no occasion to be afraid of unpleasant results.

After all, it is not more extraordinary to observe the condition of the temples in order to ascertain the state of the arteries than to examine one's tongue in order to find out the state of the digestive functions.

Dr. J. L. S. BOTAL, Paris Faculty of Medicine.